they were always prompt and willing to help fill the haversack or the canteen of the Confederate soldier, even after their homes were so devastated that they could furnish nothing but cold water.

The regiment was assigned to Gen. Bee's brigade, and we were soon hurried out and given a place on the extreme left of the line of battle which Gen. Johnson had formed to meet the expected attack from the enemy. This looked more like war than anything we had seen.

Every trooper that came in from the front was anxiously watched, but no enemy came.

On the 18th of July the line was broken and we were marched back through Winchester, and then eastward. Gen. Beauregard's army at Manassas was threatened, and we were marching to his relief. Wading the Shenandoah, we hurried right along up the mountain at Ashby's Gap. On the 19th Gen. Bee complained of the straggling, but we were urged forward by what we then thought was a forced march—later in the war we would not have thought it unusual. During the night of the 19th our regiment was halted at a station on the Manassas Gap R. R. On account of some delay in getting cars, it was late in the evening of the 20th that we were counted into box-cars—so many on top and so many inside. There were ugly rumors as to obstructions placed on the track, evidently intended to impede our progress.

With such rumors, with a train of box-cars full of sleepy-tired men, inside and on top, in the night, and through a mountainous country, it was a dangerous ride.

We safely reached Manassas Junction on the morning of the 21st. Disembarking there, we could hear the firing of guns—the battle had begun—and we were marched off hurriedly in the direction of the firing. As we neared the battlefield we could hear the rattling musketry and exploding shells. We began to meet wounded men—we saw blood—the war was a reality.

Some of the wounded were badly hurt, whilst others had slight wounds—about the hands for instance, and some

of our men were so unsoldierly as to envy those who had escaped with only such slight wounds as would give them a furlough.

We were lead on, avoiding exposed places so as to keep out of sight of the enemy, until we were brought up in front of what is known as "The Henry House," near which a battery of artillery was posted and throwing its deadly missiles into the Confederate lines. This was Rickett's battery. It was but a short time—it seemed only a few minutes—before these guns were silenced and captured. But in those few minutes Col. Fisher and many others had been killed. The regiment had received its baptism of blood.

The enemy, however, was still extending their right beyond our left. It was a critical time. On this ridge or plateau, on which "The Henry House" stood, was the hardest fighting of the day. Here it was that Gen. Bee, a short while before he was killed, bravely calling on his men to stand firm against the heavy columns that were coming against them, pointed down the line to Gen. Jackson, saying, "*Look at Jackson, he stands like a Stonewall!*" words that will never die. On this ridge, the turning point of the first battle of "Manassas-Plains," Gen'ls Jackson and Hampton were wounded, Gen'ls Bee and Barton and Col. Fisher were killed, together with hundreds of others whose names were not so prominent, but whose conduct was as heroic and whose lives were as precious to their country and kindred.

Before the enemy could bring up their fresh columns to regain the lost position, their lines on their extreme right began to waver. Gen. Kirby Smith, who was bringing up the other part of the army of the Shenandoah, appeared on our extreme left, and then began a retreat, which soon became a stampede, which would have enabled the Confederates to have gone into Washington if they had pressed forward.

Much has been written as to the effect of this first great battle of the war on the two sections of the coun-